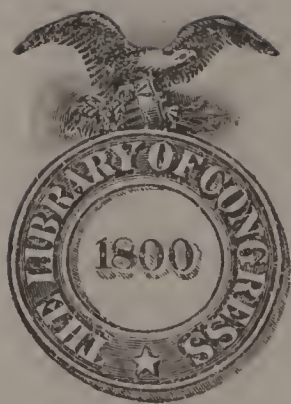


Home Poems
and
Summer Memories

BERTHA INWOOD MICHAEL



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Home Poems and Summer Memories

By

BERTHA INWOOD MICHAEL

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Lovingly dedicated
to the ones who inspired
most of them—
“THE HOME FOLKS”

HOME

In a grove where wrens and blue-birds sing,
Robins and red-birds are on the wing,
Stands a modest farm house, painted white
With sunny rooms that are big and bright;
A black eyed boy, with a dog to guard
Merrily plays in the grassy yard.

At the great red barn not far away
The horses busily munch their hay;
Old red Bess lows from her stall near by,
The pigs call hungerly from the sty,
While lambs and chickens call to be fed
And pigeons coo in the loft o'er head.

Below the garden a small stream glides
And wading along the clear brook side
Is a fair-haired lass with bare white feet
Who cools herself from the summer heat,
And with her kitten and story-book
Hies her away, to a shady nook.

The ring of an ax comes clear and good,
Uncle is chopping the winter's wood;
An auto in thru the barn door glides,
The Master returns at even-tides,
A busy Maid from the kitchen brings
The evening meal, while she gayly sings.

Home Poems and Summer Memories

The Mother sits in an easy chair
And awaits her loved ones, coming there;
They come—the laddie on dancing feet,
The fair-haired lass from her cool retreat,
The uncle old, and the maid so dear,
The lovèd father, with smile of cheer.

In the eve they gather 'round the light
While some of the family read, some write;
Then others—pressing piano keys—
Are playing a tune some one to please,
And above them all there clearly rings
The victrola, that plays and sings.

As the hour grows late the father reads
From the Holy Book while each one heeds,
Then they kneel and ask the Lord above
To keep their home, e'er the home of love;
Then to their rest—for their toils now cease—
While stars look down on a home of peace.

* * * * *

Wealth or position has not been sought,
But comfort alone to this home been brought
Where friends are welcome and strangers fed
And little feet into right paths led,
Where God and neighbor are loved,—and lo!
'Tis a happy home, God keep it so.

Summer Memories, No. 1

THE FIRST SPRING DAY

The long siege of King Winter is ended

To-day, for the first time this year, we have reveled in the sunshine and clean fresh air, as we have spent the long sunny hours in an old-fashioned rocker on the south porch.

The rain has fallen almost constantly, for a number of days, but to-day the sky is clear and blue without a cloud, the sun covers the field with a golden flood of warm sunshine that holds just a hint of green, the leaf buds on the maple trees are swollen, and some soft gray pussy-willows peep at me from the corner of an old rail fence.

There is a touch of green under the dull gray of the grass on the lawn, and from under one heavy thatch of it, a fuzzy little dandelion blossom has pushed his yellow head and smiles up at me as though saying "good morning," and he seems to nod impudently at a robin, who has been looking over the orchard to find a location for her home.

An old apple tree in the orchard is pushing out tiny green leaves and the robin, who is hopping among the

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branches, cocks her wise little head to one side, and looks at them as though wondering whether they would shelter her nest by and by.

The crows are slowly flapping in from the south, and make a great deal of noise about it, just as though it was their duty to herald the fact that Spring had come.

The English sparrows have noticed the change in the season also, and instead of the dismal "cheap, cheap," that has been their cry through the winter, they seem to be having a lively discussion on new styles in spring suits, or perhaps they are consulting about a site for their home this spring; anyhow, whatever it is, they make a great deal of noise about it.

Although nothing unusual has occurred through the day, somehow there has been a difference between this and the past days—there is a wild, sweet tang in the air that floods into our lives and quickens our hearts, that brings a brightness to our eyes and a new joy, for we know that Spring has come.

There is a new zest in being alive. The cobwebby corners of our minds are swept clean of the gloom and oppression that had gathered there through the dreary days of winter—and we go back to our narrow little daily tasks, with a quicker step, a new song in our hearts, a new desire within us, for we have seen and felt the miracle of life, from death.

We are drawn in closer communion with, and have

Home Poems and Summer Memories

received a new message from Him, who said: "Behold, I make all things new. For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth."
—REV. 21:5; CANT. 2:11.

THE FLOWER GARDEN

The garden is a beauty spot—
With hyacinths of dainty hue
And narcissus and iris blue,
And tulips, purple, red and gold,
Their lovely blossoms now unfold,
Then some are striped a handsome shade
As fair a flower, as God e'er made.

The lilies grow on every side—
Some lemon lilies, fragrant, sweet,
And lovely ones with "feathered feet";
The gladiolus in a row
Are dressed like beauties for a show,
And peonies in satin gowns
Wear red, or white, or pink-tipped crowns.

Then there are hollyhocks and pinks,
Sweetpeas and morning-glories too,
Whose chaliced cup holds drops of dew;

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And many roses sweet and rare
Fling out their odor in the air;
Near where the gay sweet-williams grow
Geraniums and poppies glow.

And there were other plants and shrubs—
Some, natives of a foreign land
That by the summer breeze was fanned;
And when I walk the narrow path
The flowers all seem to smile and nod;
And then my heart flows out in praise
To Him, who made them—Nature's God.

BLOSSOM TIME

It is blossom time, the trees are all a-bloom,
A fragrance from the orchard
Fills the air with sweet perfume;
A shower of snow-white petals
From the pear tree, flutter down,
The honey bees are humming
O'er the cherry's snowy crown—
For blossom time is here.

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It is blossom time, the crocus lifts his head ;
The hyacinths and tulips
Are a-nodding in their bed ;
The violets are blooming,
The buttercups are shining,
Around the latticed trellis
The roses now are twining,
For blossom time is here.

It is blossom time and spring is here once more ;
The dandelions golden
Are in bloom about my door ;
The brook is gently rippling,
The frogs all croak a chorus,
I hear a kill-dee calling,
The birds are singing o'er us—
For blossom time is here.

JUNE BLOSSOMS

I walked in the soft June twilight,
The daisies bow as I pass,
As, slowly I walk beside them,
They shine like stars in the grass.

Home Poems and Summer Memories

There hidden among the grasses
So I almost passed them by,
Some violets blue remind me
Of a maid that is sweet and shy.

The peonies dressed in satin,
How proudly they seem to stand;
And with their fine airs are like to
Some ladies both rich and grand.

The pansies down in the shadows
Are folding their petals tight;
And look very much like children
All cuddled down for the night.

The gay little bachelor-buttons
Are one of my daily joys;
I think when I pass near by them
Of bright little saucy boys.

By the lily bed I linger,
And kneel; when their white bells nod
A tear drops as I remember
Some babies beneath the sod.

And then—in the dusky twilight
I notice a sweet perfume;
And think of Rose of Sharon,
When I see a rose in bloom.

Summer Memories No. 2

AN EVENING PICTURE

Weary with work and the heat of the day, I go to the east porch and lie down on a cot to rest, as the evening shadows fall.

Little son lies down on the porch, near me, and as he watches the clouds flit by above him, he asks all kinds of questions concerning them: "Could I sail on a cloud, Mamma? Would they hold me up? What are they for, anyway, Mamma," etc., until at last his tired little eyes close in sleep.

Daughter sits at the piano playing "Touch my Daddie's star again, change it back to blue," and as her sweet childish voice uplifts in the song, the tears come to my eyes as I think how many little children, left fatherless by the cruel War, are wishing such a thing could be—then she sings, "There is work for all," and through all her music, outside the house in the grass, an orchestra of crickets and other insects are playing an accompaniment, while the fire-flies flash back and forth through the trees like living stars, and a kill-dee circles over head and shrills out his

Home Poems and Summer Memories

plaintive cry, in defiance of an approaching storm—for a great black cloud is rolling toward us from the south-east.

The air is quiet—the trees seem to whisper silently to each other like children, frightened at the storm—there is a low rumble of thunder, a flash of lightning, and then—the steady rolling roar, of a downpour of rain, that is coming toward us.

A neighbor goes whirring by in his machine, trying to reach home before the storm; just as there is a terrific crash of thunder and the whole sky is a-glow with a lightning flash, an automobile goes scurrying in to the barn, and Daddie has reached home.

Then a feeling of peace settles over us, as no matter now what happens we are all safe together again.

After all—the storm does not reach us, even though some rain drops dash across the porch, for a strong west wind springs up and drives the storm back across the eastern horizon, and we get no rain, but the air is cool and fresh now, and we are very glad of that.

As the clouds roll away, the full moon peeps at us through them, and soon the world is flooded with its silvery light. The air is so clear that we can hear the sound of childish laughter from a neighbor's home, for little Harriet and Freda are having a romp before they go to rest for the night, and we can hear their parents talking over the events of the day with a neighbor; we can hear the low moo-oo of a cow lowing

Home Poems and Summer Memories

for her calf, but over and through all of the sounds is the continual chirp of insects and croak of frogs, from orchard and creek.

As I go to my bed later on, I turn for a last look at the beautiful out-doors; it is like a living picture—the fire-flies are flashing and dancing through the trees in the pasture, beneath which the horses are drowsily feeding, and the sheep and cattle lying at rest; tiny cloudlets flit across the star decked sky, the trees wave their branches quietly, some corn growing in a field near by rustles its leaves,—and the whole picture is gilded with the rays of the moon.

How good God is to pour out so much beauty on us; what a beautiful delightful land He has given us,—and I wonder if the Prophet was speaking of a land like this, when he said:

“Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice. . . . The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.”—Ps. 65 :8–13.

AT EVENING TIME

Out in a pasture, I hear a bell tinkle,
Cattle are wending their way to the bar;
While a small boy slowly trails along after
Old Bess and Daisy and Star.

See the colts frisking about in the meadows,
Lambkins are skipping up now to the fold;
Low in the west, where the sunbeams still linger
Clouds of blue, crimson and gold.

Pale yellow four o'clocks fling out their odor,
Sweet crimson clover is scenting the air;
Out in the orchard the apple blooms whiten,
Giving out fragrance most rare.

Down in the field where the green corn is growing
Breezes are rustling the leaves as they pass;
Tossing the wheat that is whitening for harvest,
Nodding the flowers in the grass.

Mother hens cluck as their babies they hover,
Twittering swallows fly home to their nests;
Down by the streamlet the kill-dees are calling—
Nature is sinking to rest.

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Soft falls the dew, while the bright stars are peeping,
Fire-flies are flashing, while frogs sing a tune;
And the soft shadows of night slip about us,
While a dog bays at the moon.

THE VACANT HOME

It stands untenanted;
The doors all shut—the window blinds close drawn,
The weeds grow tall along the old-time path,
The roses riot all across the lawn—
Whose only tenant is a stranger horse
That crops the grass, from evening until dawn.

The lilies from a mound
A losing battle wage against the grass;
The peonies in ragged satin gowns
Bow down their heads like worshipers at mass;
The elders bloom beside the stable door
And strangers pluck the blossoms as they pass.

The robin feeds her young
Back in the orchard where the black-birds nest;
The swallows chirp and flutter 'neath the eaves,
The oriole sings there, a welcome guest;
While in the maple tree, a tiny wren
Swings on a limb and warbles at her best.

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But mem'ry takes me back—
I see the doors swing wide in welcome way;
From out the window gleams a rosy light,
The yard is full of boys and girls at play,
A busy mother pauses at her tasks
And smiles to see her youngsters all so gay.

Once more I hear them sing
When all the little village lay asleep;
Beneath the silver rays of summer moon
Their voices rising full and clear and deep,
And all who heard them hastened from their beds
And from their windows through the moon-light peep.

But they are scattered now,
From coast to coast, and o'er the western plain;
And oft the father and the mother talk
And wonder if they all shall meet again;
God grant they may, some time in future years,
Then have their work and prayers not been in vain.

A STORM SONG

Hear the crash of thunder
Rolling through the sky;
See the lightning flashing
From the clouds on high;

Home Poems and Summer Memories

God is sending to us,
Freely doth He give
Water from the heavens
So that we may live.

CHORUS:

Though the storm is raging and the winds are wild,
God is watching o'er us, do not fear, my child.

Come then little children
Let us praises sing,
While the rain is bringing
Life to everything;
Soon the sun will shine, dear,
And the clouds roll by,
Then we'll see the rainbow
Glowing in the sky.

THE FIRE-FLIES DANCE

Out in the meadow
The frogs croak a chorus,
And katy-dids shrill, at
The evening's advance;
While crickets chirp loudly
And fiddle the chorus,
As all through the orchard
The fire-flies dance.

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The moon smiles above
While fairies come tumbling
Adown its bright beams, which
Are like polished lance;
And lambkins lie dreaming
Beneath in the shadows,
While far up above them
The fire-flies dance.

Now up in the trees,
Now down in the shadows,
They flit all about; and
I see at a glance—
The fairies that slid down
The moon beams, are playing
About in the grass, while
The fire-flies dance.

SUNSET

Low in the west the sinking sun
Has turned a glowing red,
And clouds of crimson, gold and blue
Are gathered 'round his bed;
And like a curtain glowing bright,
They shut him in—away from night.

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Some insects chirp; a whip-poor-will
Sings now his plaintive lay;
The sunset clouds are fading now
And turn to ashen gray—
While evening stars with twinkling light
Bedeck the sky with jewels bright.

The robin trills his evening song,
Flowers fold their petals up—
A dew drop like a diamond shines
Within the lily's cup;
A light shines in the eastern skies—
The moon comes up—as daylight dies.

EVENTIDE

Swift to her nest
The swallow flits at eventides;
Safe through the night
Within its shelter she abides.

Thus would my soul,
Dear Saviour, to Thy bosom flee,
Safe there to rest
When comes life's eventide for me.

Summer Memories No. 3

BACK FROM THE SHADOWS

For some time I have been in the "Valley of the Shadow," now I have commenced to creep up-hill again. How kind every one has been to me.

Daddie left the work he loved and was always used to doing, to come home and care for me, and day or night was ready to do all that he could; I hate to arouse him at night, but he had made me promise that I would, so fearing he would grieve worse if he should find me "gone" I called him when I became seriously ill, and he was always ready to help me all he could, or when nothing else could be done, stay by, while I fought my way back from the shadow of death.

Daughtie, usually so careless and thoughtless—as most little girls are—is very kind! She grieves and is heart-broken when I suddenly become worse, when she is alone with me, but she calls help quickly and takes care of me until they arrive.

Little son goes around big-eyed and serious and must needs slip up to me when he can, put his thin little face against mine and ask how I am; how pleased

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he is to see me sit up the first time; and as he puts his arms about my neck to kiss me he says: "I'm glad you're 'bout well."

What a blessing sisters and brothers are at a time like this. Although their hearts and hands are full of their own work and family affairs, they come to see me, call over the phone, bring me dainties; and I know they are thinking of me every day, even though they can not come to see me.

I owe more than I can tell to the kindly Doctor. Not only to his skill, patience and interest, but when the burden gets so heavy that I would fain give up the fight, he makes me think it is my *duty* to get well; and since I do not want to be a slacker, I do try, although it is such a weary waiting time, that the real self within me would far rather slip away to where the "weary cease from trouble."

Then my girls—somehow, although God saw fit to take our own girls, He has given us some that we call ours, and they return the love and interest we feel for them many fold. Some came to care for me, some came to visit, or do anything they could, others, who could not do either, have written me letters, and it has all been such a help to me.

The neighbors have been more than kind; some have called, some have brought me books or jellies or other goodies, and I appreciate their thoughtfulness very much. The ministers call and cheer me with their

Home Poems and Summer Memories

presence, their words and their prayers, and my life is richer and more content for their help.

As I linger in the "Valley of the Shadows," I see better than ever before how crooked I have made my path, while climbing up life's hill. I know because of the "thorn in the flesh" that I must always bear, that I have been unable to do my work as well as I should like to have had it, and yet—who but God knows—perhaps its very load has kept me from wandering in forbidden paths. Then when I stop to consider, I am sure of one thing, that is—I have been kept in closer contact with Him, who is my Best Friend, through it.

Then, although I am grieved because I must be such a care to my loved ones, I have an abiding peace, and no fear, since I can say to Him: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."—Ps. 23:4.

IN THE VALE

I go down to a river, which
Flows through a deep dark Vale,
And none is with me there, except
A Boatman gaunt and pale.

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I shrink as waves lap near my feet
In darkness like to night,
My heart cries, to the Friend of all;
Behold—the Way is light.

Peace comes—the boatman is a friend
Who wafts me o'er the tide;
Because my Saviour waits for me,
Just on the other side.

I BIDE HIS TIME

I bide His time;
Yet I will be so glad to go;
You say 'tis foolish, wrong,
But ah, perhaps you do not know
The weary dragging pain that will not cease,
The broken flesh that works not to your will,
The ceaseless striving of a fettered soul
To be of service in his work, and still
Must sit with numbing brain and helpless hands—
You may not know, but ah, God understands.

I bide His time;
But how my soul beats at her bars,
She knows when freed from flesh
She'll serve Him there, beyond the stars;

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You think it weak and wrong, but well He knows
'Tis just the longing of a weary child
All broken, helpless, from a journey come,
Seeking his Father o'er a desert wild,
Well knowing, when he finds Him, he can rest
Safe and secure upon his Father's breast.

I bide His time;
And I will try to patient be;
Although the time seems long,
Yet He knows what is best for me;
And though I can not do the thing I wish,
Yet I may say or do some kindly thing,
And if I keep my life in touch with His,
Perhaps 'twill help some other soul to bring
To Him; so that they can of service be
And do the work He might have given to me.

I bide His time;
But like a soldier,—booted, spurred,
Who waits the bugle call
With all his garment fully gird;
While He doth tarry, I will daily strive
To do the thing I think would please Him well;
And thoughts of Him, like seed, plant in some heart
On every day; as like gold beads I tell
Them one by one, yet ever ready stand
To hasten, when I hear my Lord's command.

WINNING OUT

Back and forth inside a screen
 Rushed a bee;
From his prison bars he longed
 To be free;
So he walked the screen all o'er
Trying where he tried before,
But the opening in the door,
 Ne'er did see.

You are foolish, little bee,
 Then I said,
If your freedom you would gain
 Look o'er head;
But he kept the self same track
Rushing thither and then back
Until finally—alack—
 He fell dead.

Oh how often like the bee
 Humans are;
Think that something in their life
 Is a bar;
With a heart that's full of doubt
They will think they can't get out,
So they never look about—
 Very far.

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Pluck and perseverance oft
 Win the race
If we use them at the right
 Time and place;
These the bee had, but he fell
As he failed to use them well,
So another tale they tell
 In this case.

Would you win a place in life—
 Lift your eyes;
Far above these earthly bonds
 Faith can rise;
Nothing can your spirit bar—
Hope and love and trust, reach far;
Hitch your wagon to a star
 In the skies.

OUR DOCTOR

Who do we send for when in need,
Who comes to us, with greatest speed
And ne'er thinks 'tis a kindly deed?
 Our Doctor.

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Who comes to us, how ever tired,
No matter if the road be mired,
E'en though a chauffeur must be hired?
Our Doctor.

Whose voice can drive away our fear,
Who cures the sick-room blight, with cheer,
Who lightens hearts and dries the tear?
Our Doctor.

Who battles e'er with death and life,
And sometimes in the deadly strife
His skillful hands must wield the knife?
Our Doctor.

Who goes to work with ease and skill
To cure us of our dreadful ill,
And then neglects to send a bill?
Our Doctor.

TO A SONGBIRD

Dear Orpha, how sadly we miss you,
The days are now gloomy and gray;
Our home is so silent and lonely,
Our song-bird has flitted away;

Home Poems and Summer Memories

No more is there singing and gladness,
And yet—when we lift up our eyes,
It seems we can hear your voice trilling
The songs that are sung in the skies.

For like a wild songster—(when winter
Has come with its cold cheerless days)
Flits off to the south land and summer
To sing there his wonderful lays—

Your sweet gentle soul has fled upward
Away from the world's cruel strife,
And there in a choir of bright angels
You're living a beautiful life.

And so, though our hearts ache with longing,
We would not recall thee, but pray
Our lives may be counted as worthy
To meet you up there, dear, some day.

TO A BEREAVED FRIEND

God of the Universe, bow down thine ear,
List to the cry of the children bereaved;
Be thou a Father unto them, oh Lord,
Comfort the widow's heart, that is sore grieved.

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In Thy great mercy, give unto them peace,
Hover them, Lord, with the wings of Thy love;
And may their loss be as tenderest cords
Drawing them near to their home up above.

May they to Thee go, for council and guide,
Strengthen their hands and their mind and their heart;
Then may a blessing come out from their grief,
And Thy great Spirit from them ne'er depart.

GRANDMA'S CHAIR

The moonlight through my window shines
Across her old wheel-chair;
It seems that in a vision then,
I see her sitting there,
A tender smile upon her face;
She slips across the years
And seems to say, "I'm happy, child,
So wipe away your tears."

What tender memories still cling
About that old wheel-chair;
I see the aged wrinkled face
All framed with silver hair;
The dim gray eyes look up at me

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With welcome all aglow,
The slender hands reach out to clasp
My own, as long ago.

I see the bent and feeble form
Within her old wheel-chair;
My eager arms reach out to clasp
And find but empty air:
Ah, how I long for her, and miss
The voice I loved so well;
My hungry heart cries out for her
More oft than I can tell.

And yet—I would not call her back,
Although my heart is sad,
Because her work was finished here,
And she I know is glad;
But when the Lord has called me home,
I'll thank Him for his care,
And then—I'll greet the one who used
For years, the old wheel-chair.

BROKEN TREASURES

I once had a beautiful treasure—
A vase full of fragrance most rare;
I cherished it ever so fondly,
To me it was priceless and fair.

Home Poems and Summer Memories

Was I weary, it always refreshed me,
Or gloomy, it brought to me light;
Or sad, then its fragrance brought gladness
And filled all my heart with delight.

A ruthless hand shattered my treasure
One day, and my heart filled with pain;
The odor still clung to the fragments,
So each one of them I retain.

I cherish my poor broken treasure
With a love that will ever endure;
I know though the vase has been shattered,
The fragrance has always been pure.

MY NEIGHBORS

I sing a merry lay about my neighbors,
Who shower on me so many times their favors;
They come to see me, sick or well,
They bring me cake or fruits or jell,
Oh many good things I can tell—of neighbors.

Now they are very friendly folks, these neighbors;
And while they share with me their love and labors,
We talk of Church and school and state,
Of home and things that's up-to-date,
How we must love and never hate—our neighbors.

Home Poems and Summer Memories

They seem sincere in all they do, these neighbors;
Their love is firm and true and never wavers;
I often think if God had willed
That folks like these, the world now filled,
That war would cease, and strife be stilled—by neighbors.

Some day, of course, I'll have to leave the neighbors;
But when I end down here my time and labors,
I think that heaven will be complete
If up there on the golden street,
The Lord each day will let me greet—my neighbors.

THE LARK

One cool day in Autumn
(The birds south had flown)
I found in the meadow
A lark, all alone;
Its wing had been shattered
So it could not fly,
But it sat there and sang
While others flew by.

In an old hollow tree
It found a retreat,

Home Poems and Summer Memories

And there it was sheltered
Away from the sleet;
And all through the winter
Its sweet voice was heard,
And our sad hearts were cheered
By the song of a bird.

* * * * *

Like the broken-winged lark,
My life has been marred,
For through sickness and pain
From pleasure I'm barred;
Should I lie here and mourn
The weary day long,
Or in spite of my grief
Break forth in to song?

Had the lark sat and grieved
No heart had been stirred
By the wonderful song
Of the brave-hearted bird;
So my grief I will hide
And a song of good cheer
I will sing; it will help
Some life that is drear.

OUR GEM

The Master placed in our hands one day
A gem that was pure and bright;
The casket that held it, fair and sweet,
E'er filled our hearts with delight;
We cherished it fondly all the while
And our love grew more each day,
And wonderful dreams and castles built,
We thought she had come to stay.

Oh turquoise blue were the eyes so fair,
Her lips like to rubies red;
An angel pressed there one day a kiss,
They said then our babe was dead;
Ah no, like stars in the Master's crown
Was our jewel placed that day;
And far more safe than with us, while in
The casket of moulded clay.

The casket, we lay away with tears
In a vault which flowers adorn;
And Mother Nature a watch will keep
Until Resurrection Morn;
Help us to order our lives aright,
We pray to the Master kind—
So we may come to Thee safe, and there
Our beautiful Gem we'll find.

IN THE LIGHT

One eve I walked alone, along the street
The way was dark, so I could scarcely see;
Black, sullen shadows lurked on every side
And seemed to reach forth ghostly hands at me.
I stumbled o'er the dim uncertain path
And groped with outstretched hands in silent fear,
And trembling, made my way toward a light
That beckoned from a home I held most dear.

Then all at once the street was filled with light,
And all the fearsome shadows fled away;
Someone, somewhere, had touched the hidden springs
That made the darkened street as light as day.
And then with head held high I walked along
With firm, swift step, because the dark had fled;
And all my fear and trembling passed away,
Because the light was shining overhead.

* * * * *

One time I walked along the path of life,
And all the way was full of doubt and fears;
My heart was filled with dread because 'twas dark,
And often from my eyes dropped scalding tears;
But at the road's end I had seen a gleam
And went toward it, though the way was dark;
Full oft I stumbled o'er the hidden path,
Yet ever pressed toward the shining mark.

Home Poems and Summer Memories

Then one day, as I prayed with quivering lip,
There shone within my soul, a wondrous Light;
For He who rules the path of Life had heard
The prayer I uttered, and had seen my plight;
And now with thankful heart I tread the path
For all my doubts and fears have fled away;
And all the way is full of joy and peace,
Because the Light stays with me every day.

A "SHUT IN'S" PRAYER

Dear Father, hearken to my plea, be near to me;
Oh keep me pure and undefiled
And simple hearted as a child;
Yet—give me wisdom, such as only Thou canst give,
So I may rightly know each day the way to live;
Help me to walk so close to Thee
That those I mingle with may see
Not me—but Thee—
And learn to know Thee as Thou art,—a Father kind,
And joy and peace in serving Thee each day may find.
Dear Lord, I pray just for to-day;
But if to-morrow I should live
With humble heart I ask, Lord give
Me grace to pray near Thee to stay
For just another day. Amen.

TRUE TREASURES

When things of earth are fading fast,
Life's journey almost o'er,
We find the things we thought were great
Are counted that no more.

Wealth, fame, position, our desires,
Are only earthly dross;
E'en friends must fail, but He who hung
Upon the cruel cross.

How foolish then to waste our time
In naught but earthly gains,
Since when we come to cross the "Bar"
None of our wealth remains.

So let us see our time be then
To higher things more given;
And lay where moth can not corrupt
True Treasures, up in heaven.

IN MEMORY OF FATHER

You went away some years ago,
Dear father, but we miss you still;
Our aching hearts oft long for you

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And yet we know it was God's will;
At times we seem to hear the voice
That gave us council day or night,
And memory visions oft the face
That now is hidden out of sight.

We can not turn Time back, ah no,
But this thing we can always do—
(Though you can never come to us)
We can prepare to go to you;
And though the years slip swiftly by
It ne'er thy memory can erase;
And some day, father, we expect
To meet thee Yonder, face to face.

'TIS BETTER

'Tis better to give a tiny flower
To one who can see and know,
Than to place a sheaf of roses rare
On their bier, to make a show.

'Tis better to say one loving word
To those who can hear what's said,
Than to make a speech of eulogy
After your friend is dead,

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'Tis better to say or give one thing
Or to do one little deed
Than plan to do great ones some day
For those who are now in need.

'Tis better to do a thing to-day
Than to wait for future years;
To-morrow may be a day too late
And bring but regret and tears.

I KNOW NOT

I know not where I shall be when He calls,
But this I know—that He will call some day;
'Twere vain to spend my life on worldly things
That I must leave, when I am called away.

I know not when His voice shall call for me,
But this I know—that it will not be long;
Then I should useful in His service be,
And watch each step to keep from going wrong.

I know not how His voice shall call for me,
But this I know—if I have done His will,
My storm-tossed soul will answer to His call,
And thrill with joy when He says, "Peace, be still."

Summer Memories No. 4

A DAY WITH THE BIRDS

We have had such a pleasant time to-day, as we were able to spend all our time in the open air; the children made themselves a tent in the shade of some trees on the lawn and have played very contentedly, then at noon little son and I helped dispose of the luncheon Daughtie fixed for and brought to us, out on the lawn, as we were so busy becoming acquainted with the many birds that have been flitting about us, that we had no time for such prosaic things as dinners.

Sonnie had been very much interested in a story Daddie had told him about a snow-white English sparrow that he had seen at the house of a neighbor a short time ago, so he is keeping his eyes and ears open to-day, so he can tell Dad of the birds he has seen.

From a wheat field across the creek we have heard a quail whistle "bob-white" all day long, while a pair of rain-crows in a maple tree across the road, keep warning us that a rain is coming.

A little gold-finch calls sweetly for his mate as he

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flits over the garden, and a wren sings a rippling song for us from the pine tree where he has his home.

An oriole whistles a tune now and then, as though to remind his mate who swings in her nest in the elm tree, that he is watching over her, while a mother robin, whose nest is in the pear tree, is very busy hunting food for her nestlings—and it keeps her very busy indeed.

A pair of bright eyed doves leave their nest to feed, and whirr noisily over our heads to the pasture field, where a little song sparrow sits on a brush pile and sings to his mate in the nest near by.

A mocking bird trills out a song now and then from the grove, where he has hidden from sight, and some black-birds chatter and scold in the cherry trees where they are having a feast.

A pair of downy sap-suckers look over the catalpa tree hunting their dinner and talking to each other quietly, while a red headed woodpecker drums a tune on a dead tree in the orchard.

The kill-dees, who have nested down by the little creek, cry noisily as they fly about overhead, but late in the afternoon, when they suddenly commence screaming and flying about as though frightened I go to see what is wrong.

For some time I had not seen little son, and as I start for the creek, I am not surprised when he comes running toward me with a baby kill-dee in his hands.

Home Poems and Summer Memories

He had found the little beauty in the grass in the pasture field; what a delicate little thing it is, with its dainty long legs, its beautiful bright eyes look so wise and unafraid as we handle it, as though it knew we were friends, its gray black-striped suit is very pretty, and Sonnie is very anxious to keep it for a pet; I tell him it would be cruel to keep it from its parents, who all this time are fluttering and crying about us, so at last he understands—then he takes it back near the nest and sets it free.

How pleased the parent birds are when they find it, and how it flees to them, even as “a bird out of the snare of the fowlers.”

Then—clasping each other's hands, we go happily back to our own home, singing, because we are glad that “The time of the singing birds is come.”—CANTI. 2:12.

HAPPY EASTER DAY

(Tune: “In the service of the King”)

Birds are trilling in the meadows of the spring,
This is Easter Day,—glad Easter,
And their message far and wide they gladly fling,
This is happy Easter Day.

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Chorus: This is happy Easter Day,
We will all rejoice and say,
We will crown for King our Saviour
Who arose on Easter Day.

See the snowy Easter lily bells that ring,
This is Easter Day,—glad Easter,
And the air is full of fragrance that they bring
On this happy Easter Day.

Hear the little children's voices as they sing
This is Easter Day,—glad Easter,
And they hail the risen Saviour as their King
On this happy Easter Day.

THE BIRDS' MESSAGE

Birds in the woodland and grove, in the morn
Singing so happy and free—
This is the message I hear in your song
"God watcheth over me."

Gold-finches, bob-o-link, robin and wren,
Mocking-bird, song-sparrow, thrush,
Cardinal, oriole, swallow and lark—
Sing at the morn's first blush.

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Filling the air with your melody sweet,
Trusting your Father for food,
Singing his praise as you busily work
Rearing your little brood.

Beautiful songsters, your lesson I'll heed,
This, then, my motto shall be
And I will sing it each day at my task—
"God watcheth over me."

BIRD SONGS

A quail from the wheat field whistles,
From an oak some rain-crows dart,
A red-head drums a tune near by
And a gold-finch calls "sweetheart."

A kill-dee calls from the pasture
For a nestling gone astray—
From her nest a dove whirrs swiftly
While a bluebird sings all day.

An oriole from the elm tree
Sings his mate a merry tune,
While the songs from field and meadow
Proclaim that the day is June.

CHEER-EE SONGS

The time of singing birds has come,
Oh so glad are we;
Come, children, let us haste away
Out to the fields and groves to play
And listen to the birds to-day
Singing cheer-ee, oh.

A mocking bird trills from the grove,
Sing, dear children, sing;
I see a cardinal flash by,
A kill-dee gives a ringing cry,
And all about us bluebirds fly
Singing cheer-ee, oh.

The oriole nests in the elm,
Whistle birds for me;
The lark now sings her golden song,
A mourning dove grieves o'er her wrong,
A wren is warbling all day long
Singing cheer-ee, oh.

The goldfinch from the garden calls
Sweet-heart, sweet-heart, sweet,
I hear the thrush's silver note,
The robin wears a red-breast coat,
The bob-o-link near splits his throat
Singing cheer-ee, oh.

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Now, children, let us all rejoice
Like the birds of spring;
And always sing our praise to He,
Who made the birds as well as we;
I'm sure the world will brighter be
If we sing cheer-ee, oh.

THE SONG

One sat by the road and sang a sweet song
And the world rushed heedlessly past;
It seemed no one heard, but still he sang on,
For he thought to cheer some one at last.

A traveler came by all weary and sad
And grief stung his life like a dart;
He sat down to rest, and heard the sweet song,
And the song found its way to his heart.

He always had mourned about his sad fate
Till he felt life was scarcely worth while;
He learned from the song that each had a place
He could fill, and at least give a smile

His heart was so cheered, that grief turned to joy
By the wonderful power of the song;
Then went on his way rejoicing and glad
And resolved to help others along.

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And now, as he goes along the life road,
He is singing a song of good cheer;
And gives joy and peace to other sad hearts
And will gladden all those who will hear.

CHILDHOOD'S HOME

My thought go back in a well-worn track
To a humble home near a wood;
Where a small log cot, 'neath a maple tree,
With a rose near the doorway stood.

Two little girls, both with long, brown curls,
A father and mother, were there;
Though riches were few, yet their wants were too,
So that trouble was very rare.

In an easy chair sits mother, fair,
With her children near to her side,
While they read and look at a pictured book
That tells of Jesus crucified.

At the organ near is the father dear
And a melody soon is heard;
Then their voices raise in a song of praise
Like the notes of a happy bird.

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A little back, lies the brown dog, Jack,
And a kitten curled in a chair;
'Tis a home of rest, but what was best,
Was—content abided there.

Though passing years bring trouble and tears,
Yet the influence e'er will cling,
Of that home of rest with contentment blest
Where Love was the only king.

MERRY MAY

Merry May, bright and gay,
Wild birds singing all the day;
Budding tree, humming bees,
Warm, sweet-scented, spring-time breeze.

Flowers fair, everywhere
Music filling all the air;
Birdlings rest in their nest,
As the sun sinks in the west.

Skies are blue, work to do,
There are many pleasures, too;
Welcome spring, now we sing,
For the blessings that you bring.

Summer Memories No. 5

OUR CELEBRATION

We were unable to celebrate July 4th this year, as we usually do, as son was just recovering from a serious attack of measles; but after talking it all over, we decided that Daddie and Daughtie should join the usual crowd that went each year to the river, while little son and I celebrated very quietly at home. Early in the morning we fixed a picnic dinner, and Daddie, Daughtie and Geraldine (who went along with them) started for the river, where they spent the whole day fishing, swimming and having a general good time with a jolly good-natured crowd.

After the morning chores were done up, little son and I went out on the lawn, and while he sat near me, I read or told him stories, until the noon hour, then we fixed up our own lunch, and with Poodle and Golda (the dog and cat), we went to the grove, under the shade of some trees near the creek bank and pretended we were along the river, while we ate our stewed chicken, noodles, sandwiches and cake. Our crowd was not large, but it was very select, and they both set back

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and behaved very nicely, never helping themselves except to what was served them, but no sooner was the basket repacked, until Poodle went racing after a wild bunny, and Golda went on a still hunt for a field mouse.

Little son was too weak to romp about much, so I spread some papers on the ground so he could lie down, and with his head in my lap he listened to some stories I read him from the Youth's Companion until he drifted off to the land of Nod, then while he slept, I amused myself by reading and meditating, until he awoke, then we went back home.

We had not been there long until our travelers returned, and told us to get ready to "celebrate," as we were going to Grover Hill, where there were fireworks, etc., in the evening. We hustled through our evening chores, clambered into the "Dodge," and were soon flying toward the little village.

Although sonnie had to stay in the car all the time, he had plenty of "sparklers," ice-cream, and other treats, saw the fire-works and illuminations, so he enjoyed himself greatly; the girls went about town taking in all the sights, and when at a late hour we returned home, they were just about as tired, sleepy and sun-burned, as two girls could be. They had been very patriotic all day, but when night came, they were glad to slip off to bed and forget everything in sleep.

Although our "celebration" was very quiet, we have

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had time to think of the many trials, hardships and sacrifices, our fore-fathers had gone through, in order to bequeath us this beautiful free home-land, and I wonder if we, as a people fully appreciate this as we should, and if we are doing our part, like our fathers, to keep our country growing better and more beautiful, for our children, as we should.

Let us each one try to make our land just a little better place, because we live in it, it is beautiful for situation, and truly—"It is a land of hills and valleys and drinketh water of the rain of heaven, a land which the Lord thy God, careth for."—DEUT. 11:11-12.

BY THE RIVER

It was July, the day was hot—
With kindred souls we hied
To find a cool refreshing spot
Along the river side.

We took the shoes off of our feet
Like children free from school,
And thought that it was quite a treat
To wade the waters cool.

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How lovely was that little dell
Among the ancient trees;
We said that we would like to dwell
In places such as these.

Along the bank, upon the grass
We spread a feast to eat;
And as we angled for black bass
We all forgot the heat.

Old Mother Nature had been kind
To send this cooling stream.
How very glad we were to find
A place where we could dream.

Ah me, I thought, this July day
Is very much like life;
Its heat drives all our joy away
And leaves us naught but strife.

But like a stream in parchèd land
God gives His tender care,
And He will lead us by the hand
In pastures green and fair.

THE VILLAGE STREET

Let me weave a tale of the village street;
Where white walks gleam in the bright sunshine,
The trees grow tall and the grape-vines twine;
Where robins, thrushes and blackbirds sing,
The climbing rose to the trellis cling—
And the air is pure and sweet.

Where the grass grows green half-way o'er the streets,
The fire-flies flash through the summer night,
And the full moon shines—the only light;
The gardens flourish on either hand
And perfume fling out across the land—
And each one his neighbor greets.

Round the village church with its spire so white,
The children come through the week to play
And scamper and sing the live-long day;
When Sunday comes, arm in arm they walk
Sedate and prim, as they quaintly talk,
While their faces glow with light.

Here, the only noise is the children's laugh
As they clatter by in heedless way,
Or rattling wheels of the village dray,
Or some one playing a lilting tune,
Or song of birds through the days of June,
Or tap of the Blind Man's staff.

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Sleep on little village beneath the trees,
Far from the sins of the world, that blight—
Train up your children in ways of right;
And though they leave you as years go by,
Full well we know for you oft they sigh,
Though they be beyond the seas.

IN MEMORY OF ROOSEVELT

From a weakly delicate child,
He grew to a sturdy man;
He lived and loved the great Outdoors
Till his veins with red blood ran.

Though he had great power and wealth
Yet the simple life he led,
And hewed his way to fame by force,
Now the whole world mourns their dead.

Once he dashed up Juan's hill
With his men, all unafraid,
And broke away the Spanish yoke
When he went to Cuba's aid.

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He had heard their piteous cry
'Neath the lash of tyrant's rod,
Then drove the foe till they fled from him
As before the wrath of God.

When he sat in the place of power
On evil he turned the light,
And strove to show the world at large
That the only might is Right.

When France, bleeding at every pore,
Had called for our bravest men,
He lay aside his own affairs
And offered himself again.

When they could not accept his aid
He sent in his place four sons;
Cheerily bidding all God-speed
When they went to fight the Huns.

He was friend of humble and high,
And worked for the rights of men,
And drove at evil with heart and voice
And with forceful deeds and pen.

Though busy and strong and swift,
Impatient with what was wrong,
He would stop to cheer a little child,
Or list to a wild bird's song.

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For the good of the world, he gave
Time, talents, and well loved son;
To feed the starving poor, he sent
The Peace prize he had won.

So the world feels the loss to-day
Of a great and fearless man;
And though men called him friend or foe
Mourn a great American.

DEAR NATIVE LAND

Dear Native Land of hills and vales,
With golden fields of waving grain,
Where tiny rills and rivers wide
Flow over every hill and plain—
For thee God careth, and doth give
To thee to drink of Heaven's rain.

Dear Native Land, our fathers loved
Thee, and upon thy altar lay
Their wealth and talents, honor, life,
To make thee as thou art to-day—
A land of peace, a beacon light
To all who will thy laws obey.

Summer Memories No. 6

FAMILY VISITS

This has been an unusual day; last evening we went to the home of Aunt Ruth, and little son and I remained through the night; what fun he had with Mabel and Francis; and it was late before they could be persuaded to quit romping about, and go to bed.

Sonnie, who has always slept near me, was unable to do so here, but Aunt Ruth takes him to her bed, and when he awakens frightened, in the night, she comforts him until he is all right, but as soon as morning dawns he comes slipping down stairs and cuddles beside me on the couch, perfectly contented.

Like so many previous nights, I had been unable to sleep when I retired. But as Gladys was entertaining company, I had something to keep me amused and interested (although they were not aware of it), but in the wee small hours I fell asleep and felt refreshed when morning came.

It is Sunday, and Uncle Oscar as usual, went to Sunday School in the morning, taking all the girls and little son with him, while sister Ruth and I visit as she does her morning chores and gets dinner.

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We have not seen one another for a long time, so there is much to talk about—we tell of plans and hopes we have for the future, not only of ourselves, but our children—and all the other things that only sisters can talk about; if a brother is born for adversity, surely a sister is born to be a comfort and help at all times.

They all come home in time for dinner, and surely no dinner ever tasted better than that one; there was chicken with noodles, salad and vegetables, cake, pie and many other good things, and I wonder while eating it, if the name Martha would not have been better for sister Ruth, as she is so much like her, although the latter name is very appropriate, too.

After the dinner is over and cleared away, we all clamber in the "Ford," and drive over to Uncle Frank's to see Aunt Ethel, and the new baby boy, who has just come to live with them; Sonnie is very much pleased over the baby boy, for so far he has been the only little boy in the family; "now, I won't have to play with the girls all the time," he says.

Aunt Mary with her family, and Daddie and Daughtie, are all there when we arrive; like the rest they have gone to church first, then came to see the tiny new stranger.

How proud the parents are of little Herbert Alfred, and how much their pleasure reminds me of the looks on my parents' face when Frank, their son, was born,

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nearly thirty years ago. What a dear red-faced, black haired baby he is, how proud and important his sister Lela is as she shows him to us, and we are all so glad to find him and his mother so well.

What a lot of cousins there are now, and how much we all love each other; naturally we love our own children first, yet we are all willing to do all we can to help the others, and we try to overlook whatever faults they have, and see their best qualities, so we always have such good times and enjoy being together.

What a blessing children are, surely they are an heritage of the Lord.

So we rejoice in the bond that unites our families together, and pray that nothing may ever break it; what a wonderful thing love for one's family is; surely nothing could be any more pure or beautiful—then somehow—through this, we can more fully realize how great God's love was toward us, when He willingly gave his Son for our sakes; how true when He says—
“As a mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.”
“Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him” and “In Thee the fatherless findeth mercy, I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely.”—HOSEA 14:3, 4.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

God bless our boys and girls.
For most of them have left the old home nest
And strayed away from those who loved them best ;
And some are all alone now in the strife
With none but strangers near to give them heed ;
Oh, Father, be to them a friend indeed,
And keep them in the path that's straight and true
So that they never may have ought to rue—
But may they live a useful noble life.

God bless our boys and girls.
Now some of them have builded their own home,
Lord, may they walk with Thee, and never roam.
In all their trials wilt Thou be their guide.
Oh may you be to them a welcome guest,
And they by keeping Thee, find peace and rest ;
Teach them of love and patience, and with skill
May they take up life's duties with a will—
And may they ever near to Thee abide.

God bless our boys and girls.
For some, dear Father, long e'er this have prest
The face of new born babies to their breast.
Oh give them wisdom, Father, from above—
And help them every day to rightly train
The children Thou hast given them through pain

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So that their babes to them a blessing be,
And live to glorify and honor Thee
And learn their neighbor and their Lord to love.

God bless our boys and girls.
The little ones who still to us do cling,
Oh show us, Lord, the way so we may bring
Them to Thy cross, where they may bow the knee.
Oh Lord wilt Thou be with them through the years,
Keep them from sin, from sickness and from tears,
And may Thy Holy Spirit ever stay
Within their hearts; Lord may they never stray,
And we will give the glory all to Thee. Amen.

TREASURES

I have a priceless Treasure,
I wear upon my breast;
None who wear Golconda's gems
Could ever be more blest;
No diamond ever sparkled
With such a wondrous light,
Or shone with greater beauty
Than this, my jewel bright;
What is the Jewel that I wear?
'Tis baby's face, with eyes so fair.

Home Poems and Summer Memories

I have as fine a necklace
As worn by any Queen;
No strand of pearls has ever
As beautiful been seen;
Close they fit around my throat
And are so warm and bright,
The wearing of this Jewel
E'er fills me with delight;
What is this necklace with such charms?
My baby's chubby hands and arms.

I have a lovely picture
I look at every day;
Naught more beautiful you'll find
In art, where'er you stray;
No picture ever painted
Is anything as fair
As this—by the Master hand,
None with it can compare;
Wouldst see the picture? Softly creep
And see my baby, fast asleep.

Did you ever hear at morn
The wild birds sing and trill?
We have much finer music
Than that, our hearts to thrill;
Sweet and low at first it sounds
And then so loud and strong,

Home Poems and Summer Memories

Nothing in the whole round earth
Can sing a sweeter song;
What is the music, do you say?
My baby boy sings at his play.

Gather all the Jewels
From over all the earth;
Get the gold and silver,
Bring all you count of worth—
Come to buy my Treasures,
I would but laugh, and scorn
To take all that the world could give
For—baby's kiss, at morn.

ADVICE TO A MAIDEN

Maiden with your bright brown eyes,
And brown hair all a-curl,
Rose-red lips and soft pink cheeks,
You're very fair, my girl;
Dreams and aims not all of earth,
Have given, Maid, to you
Beauty of both face and eyes,
And shows life pure and true.

Tell me, maiden fair, your thoughts
On this your natal day,

Home Poems and Summer Memories

Where the woman meets the child—
Wilt tell your thoughts, I pray?
Do your future years glow bright,
And does it seem worth while,
Can you take your burdens, child,
And bear them with a smile.

Childhood's sunny days are gone
With mem'ries fair and bright,
But you'll leave its sorrows too,
And heartaches, dear, to-night;
Now, you take a woman's tasks,
Her work and pleasure too—
And the blessings life may bring
When love has called to you.

Think about your future years,
Be wise in choosing friends;
Chiefly those you take for life
Your joy on this depends;
'This day, too, you should decide
For life, to take the One
Who will stay through joy or grief
Until your life is done.

May the Lord watch over thee
And keep you from all sin;
May your life a blessing be
To all your kith and kin.

A BIRTHDAY WISH

What can I wish for your birthday,
My dear little two-year old?
I pray the Lord may e'er bless you
And keep you a lamb of his fold.

May He give you wisdom, honor,
And beauty that will endure;
And when you are ten times two, dear,
May you still be as good and pure.

THE WOMAN WHO HELPS

There's a woman who lives not far from my home,
I'm happy to call her my friend;
When I am in need of a quick helping hand,
On her I can always depend.

She is quick, she is neat, and on fast flying feet
She will work from morning till eve;
And you can be sure when she starts at a task
She will finish it, e'er she will leave.

She is not as strong as she once used to be,
And the years are turning her gray;

Home Poems and Summer Memories

But still she is ready to help you in need,
Though she wash, or cook or e'en pray.

Some times she laments that she hasn't the time
Or talents, for this, or for that,
But she goes bravely on just doing her best
Nor shirking the task she is at.

Do you know—I think when the swift busy hands
Have finished their tasks here below,
And in fear and trembling she faces her Lord
When to Him for judgment she'll go,—

He will say, "What proof do you bring, that you have
A right to this beautiful land?"
She will say, "Oh, Master, not much could I bring
All the talents I had were my hands."

I'm sure that the Master will say to her, "Friend,
You pass with your talents the test;
Since you have been kindly and helped those in need,
You are welcome to mansions of rest."

WHO?

Who has such wondrous love-lit eyes
That are like bits of summer skies,
And look so innocent and wise? My Baby.

Home Poems and Summer Memories

Who has a smile like sunshine bright,
That drives out gloom and brings the light,
And cheers me through the darkest night? My Baby.

Whose cooing voice so soft and clear
Is sweetest music to my ear?
(Oh naught on earth could be more dear). My Baby.

Whose dimpled hands stray o'er my face
Or hold me in a fond embrace?
(Time ne'er this memory can erase). My Baby.

Whose soft cheek to my heart I press,
And hope her love may ne'er grow less;
And then I pray, oh Father, bless—My Baby.

OUR HOSTESS

I know a housewife, who is clean as any brand new
pin;
Dirt and disorder she abhors, nor lets a fly stay in;
No weeds on her place growing, for she keeps things
very neat,
A long while you will look, before her equal you will
meet.

Home Poems and Summer Memories

She keeps each nook and corner so it's very spick and
span,
No cleaner housewife ever was, since Eve her work
began;
Since she is this particular, you'd think that she would
pout,
If baby scattered cookie crumbs, or John the flies
turned out.

When Ott tied up the tablecloth, and through the
house boys race,
Banana peel and chicken bones are cluttered o'er the
place;
Some one pulled off the window blind—clothes scat-
tered all around,
With dishes piled up everywhere, and litter on the
ground.

You'd think that she would be so vexed and cross that
she would fight;
But I will tell you what she did, and try to tell it
right;
She kissed the babe and said, "Now don't you dare to,
spank the child."
Looked fondly at the little ones that everywhere ran
wild—

Home Poems and Summer Memories

She smiled at all the other pranks, and never made a
fuss,
Though she was tired and worried, too, by entertain-
ing us;
She fixed the finest dinner up, oh every thing was fine;
I wish that I could do as well in fixing up this rhyme.

Although she was so busy, she would always have a
smile
And cheery word for each of us, though busy all the
while;
Now do you know the reason why she all of this could
do,
And pleasant be through all the noise and the disorder
too?

'Tis this—she always keeps her heart clean as her
house is kept;
Her mind from trash is always free, with all the
corners swept;
Like Martha, she will always serve all that she can
afford,
But Mary like, she sits each day and listens to her
Lord.

A VISITOR

Into our humble cottage when the moon was shining
bright,
A tiny little stranger came, one chill December night;
The angels must have brought her, and as she came
from the skies,
'They placed a bit of heaven's blue within her baby
eyes.

Ah bitterly she wept, because they went and left her
here,
But like to music sweet and shrill, the sound was to
our ear;
They placed her in my arms, she felt the love within
my breast,
Then pressed her lips to life's warm fount and snug-
gled down to rest.

Since then she is content to stay within our little home;
We hope that she may always be, and never far may
roam;
God give us wisdom, so that we may teach her as we
should,
So that our little visitor may grow up pure and good.

I MISS HER SO

I miss her so—
My friend who lives across the way;
No more she comes
To visit with me through the day;
I used to watch
Each evening when the sun was low
For her to come—
And now, alas, I miss her so.

I miss her so;
What pleasant times we had those years,
When I'm alone
My eyes are flooded oft with tears;
I want to see
Her cheery face with eyes aglow;
She always was
So kindly, now, I miss her so.

I miss her so;
How oft she helped me as I lay
Sick and alone,
To drive despair and gloom away.
She always cheered
My drooping spirit, when 'twas low,
She was so good
To me; that's why I miss her so.

Home Poems and Summer Memories

I miss her so
And miss the talks that we have had
Of books and friends
And things to make the world more glad;
She always wished
To do the right by friend or foe;
I wonder if
She thinks of me; I miss her so.

A WOMAN'S MISSION

You ask me what can a woman do
To better the social condition?
To make the world safe and pure and strong
Is surely a woman's mission.

She first must have—would she better it
A heart that is kindly and tender,
A steady mind and a tactful way
And service be glad to render.

Then she must work (dare not selfish be),
For the things that would help her neighbor
As well as she; she must friendly be
Though it cost her time and labor.

Home Poems and Summer Memories

If she will e'er use her mind and heart
The social conditions to better,
And love—and live—by the Golden Rule
The world will e'er be her debtor.

MOTHER

Who watches o'er the babe with ceaseless care
Though long the weary day and sleepless night;
And though her face grows pinched and wan, her eyes
Are ever glowing with a heavenly light;
Who feeds and tends with loving gentle hands
Or hushes fretful cry, or wail of pain
And ever at her post of duty stands
And does it all for love—and not for gain—A Mother.

Who trains the tender minds of boys and girls
To do the things that's honest, pure and true,
And teaches them life here is more worth while,
If only these things they will always do;
Who opens to their wondering childish minds
The secrets of the life they've just begun
Who tells them of the beauties God has made
And tells the precious story of his Son,—Their Mother.

Home Poems and Summer Memories

Who guides the youth and maid across the years
All fraught with danger, which they can not see,
And since they can not always understand
How patient and how tactful she must be;
Who gives her time and strength and skill and mind,
To make their lives more bright than hers has been,
And with her life and prayers and good advice,
Is striving daily to keep them from sin—'Tis Mother.

And when the nestlings fain would leave the nest
To build themselves new homes, who willing stands
To help with all her earthly goods and store
Or give the labor of her tireless hands;
Who is it you can always count upon
In health or sickness, through the changing years,
Though other friends may falter or e'en fail,
Who willing shares your happiness or tears—Your
Mother.

Who comes with grief and pity in her heart
If we in sin or folly go astray;
And though the whole world turn away from us
Will never cease to hope and love and pray;
And if we walk in honor's path of right
Who will rejoice with happy tear-filled eyes,
And though we never win great fame or wealth
Will always hold us as her greatest prize—Our Mother.

Home Poems and Summer Memories

Who looks toward the future without fear,
For as she older grows, faith grows more bright;
How tenderly she talks to you at times
To help you do the thing that's always right;
All honor to our noble Mothers, here,
We'll crown her with love's royal diadem;
But when God crowns those who have done his will
We think that He will give the brightest gem—To
Mothers.

A SMILING BABE

A busy man walked with an occupied air
Down a wide noisy street of the town;
His face showed the marks of both worry and care,
And his brow was all drawn in a frown;
A mother went by with a babe in her arms,
He saw her, and slackened his pace,
And worry and care were forgot as he looked
At the babe, with a bright smiling face.

A woman to whom health and wealth were denied
Sat dejected, and seemed so forlorn;
In spite of herself, the tears filled her eyes,
Life it seemed was too hard to be borne;
But a cooing voice calls with silvery laugh

Home Poems and Summer Memories

And she folds in a loving embrace—
That which gives her comfort and strength to endure,
'Twas a babe with a bright smiling face.

There was one whom the tempter often had called
And tried to entice in his snare;
They long fought a battle, quite often it seemed
He must yield and go down in despair;
But a pair of bright eyes and soft dimpled cheeks
Drove the tempter away from the place,
And he fared forth in life made purer and strong
By a babe with a bright smiling face.

Then God bless the babe with a bright smiling face,
Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven;
The worried, discouraged and tempted are made
More strong by her beautiful leaven;
And if I could have that for which I long most,
I would ask the dear Lord through his grace,
To give me a heart just as true and sincere,
As a babe, with a bright smiling face.

REUNION DAY

What does Reunion day bring?
A glad time of song and of mirth;
A merry surprise, a bright'ning of eyes,
A day that we think is well worth.

Home Poems and Summer Memories

What does Reunion day mean?
A meeting with those who are dear;
A feast fit for kings of many good things,
And joy that will oft bring a tear.

What does Reunion day do?
It binds up our friendship to stay;
And those gone before are thought of once more,
And seem to be with us this day.

Long live Reunion day then;
And when our work here is all done,
We'll meet by and by, up there in the sky,
And then have our happiest one.

TO FATHER

All honor to father, who founded the home
When first the world's era began;
The mainstay, protector, and guide he has been
Of this institution for man.

He works for his children with muscles and brain
Till weary, yet will not allow
Himself to find pleasure, until he provides
Them bread, by the sweat of his brow.

Home Poems and Summer Memories

How willing he labors for church, school and state,
Just so all his children may be
More fully prepared for their work in the world,
Then more joy and pleasure they see.

With firm honest counsel he points out the way
To the road of honor and fame;
If they will but list to his goodly advice
They'll not know dishonor or shame.

All honor to father, for honor is due,
And may all his children arise
And give him the praise that is honestly due,
And crown him with love, e'er he dies.

SWEET SIXTEEN

Maid of mine, they say you are
"Sweet sixteen" years old to-day;
Oh, dear heart, to me it seems
You should be a child at play;
But half timid, half in joy
Where the river joins the sea,
You stand now, with rose-blown cheeks
Wondering what life will be.

Home Poems and Summer Memories

As you meditate on life
And your fairy castles build,
All your future seems so bright
And with happiness all filled;
While with glowing eyes you scan
All that comes along your way
You with eager hands reach out
For the pleasures of to-day.

Like a dewy rose at morn,
Maids of sweet sixteen are fair,
Fragrant, trembling, pure, untouched,
With a beauty that is rare.
Should the frost the blossoms touch
At the coming of the dawn,
They would wither and decay,
All their lovely beauty gone.

Sin is like the cruel frost
With its sting so sharp and keen;
And would blight the lovely life
Of a maid of sweet sixteen;
So while planning life, dear maid,
Take your Best Friend, e'er with you;
He will save you from all sin,
Keep you beautiful and true.

AN HONORABLE LADY

Honor to whom honor is due,
That dear lady belongs to you—
Looking back on a useful life
Fifty years of that time, a wife;
Labor and sorrow, pleasure and pain
Have swept your life like the summer rain,
But still you smile with a face serene,
Your ways as regal as any queen,
With silver diadem on your brow;
How do you do it,—we wonder how.

Rearing your babes with tender care,
Ruling your home with tact most rare,
Loving and gentle, pure and true,
Stern, when duty demanded you;
Living for others and being spent,
Yet always seeming so well content;
Hiding your longings and doubts and fears,
Forcing a smile when you felt the tears,
Your will to duty would ever bow;
How do you do it,—we wonder how.

How do you do it, well we know
You have with you, where'er you go,
A Friend who gives your spirit rest,
And every day your life has blest;

Home Poems and Summer Memories

All through your life, with your words and deeds,
You've faithfully sown some precious seeds,
Which springing up in the hearts of men
Will bring a reward to you again;
By this dear lady, we prove it true
We honor those to whom honor's due.

OUR BLESSING

Oh such a wondrous blessing we
Through the past year have had;
The Father sent it to us, and
We all have been so glad;
Now what to us could bring such joy?
A tiny precious baby boy.

For years we prayed our heart's desire
The Lord to us would give,
But when he came, it seemed as though
Our baby would not live;
For months our lives were filled with dread,
We thought at times the child was dead.

For days and weeks we worked with him,
All did their very best—
The Doctor, parents, family friends,

Home Poems and Summer Memories

The Lord hath done the rest ;
And then from gloom bright sunshine came,
The Lord hath spared him, praise His name.

Into a merry bright-eyed boy
He grew, our tiny dear,
With laughter sweet and sunny smile,
And now and then a tear ;
He learned his parents both to call
Which was to them the best of all.

He creeps and walks around the chairs,
This tiny little elf,
And if he thinks no one will see
He stands up by himself ;
Has seven teeth, weighs eighteen pound,
Is two foot three, straight up and down.

He loves his sister very well,
And says he's Mamma's boy ;
But when his father picks him up
It is his chiefest joy
To wind his arms around him tight,
And hug and love, with all his might.

Then should we not more dearly love
God, who this blessing gave ;
Who sent our heart's desire, here,

Home Poems and Summer Memories

And saved him from the grave?
We'll train our boy, as best we can
To be a true, God-serving man.

THE SISTER THAT SACRIFICED

When but a child, the Lord saw fit
Upon thee, burdens great, to lay;
Right bravely did you take them up
And do them faithful day by day.

You were the keeper of the home,
And laid aside your own childhood—
To wash and sew, to tend the sick,
And tried to do it all so good.

You had to mother all the rest,
And school days sacrificed, so they
Would gain more knowledge, as you thought
Their future would be bright that way.

You comforted your father, so
He felt that he was sore bereft,
When you at last a husband took
And for your little home had left.

Home Poems and Summer Memories

This maxim true, the Poet gives—
“The gift without the giver’s bare”;
But you, did truly give yourself,
Aye, always did more than your share.

He, who doth mark the sparrow’s fall,
We know thy sacrifice did see;
He’ll say, “As ye did it to them,
Ye also did it unto Me.”

JEWELS

I have not many jewels, friend,
But what I have are rare;
No gems that e’er were bought or sold
Can with my three compare.

The first to us in April came
Our Diamond girl, is she;
God grant as pure as this her gem,
Her life may ever be.

On Christmas came a tiny maid
With shining eyes so true,
More happiness to us she brought
Than any Turquoise blue.

Home Poems and Summer Memories

More beautiful than Sardonyx
I'm sure could ever be,
The beautiful blue baby eyes
That August brought to me.

We have no other riches, friend,
Yet quite content are we,
And daily thank our Father kind
For sending us these three.

FAITH EYES

Friend, they tell me you are blind,
And my heart for you doth ache;
For so great a loss
Is a heavy cross
That a stronger heart might break.

Will you let me comfort bring—
Listen while I whisper low,
You have lost your sight,
And your day is night,
Yet the eyes of "faith" can glow.

Home Poems and Summer Memories

Though no beauty you behold
In the earth or sea or sky,
Yet by faith you see
He, who's dear to thee,
For thy Saviour standeth nigh.

Now with earthly sights shut out
You can give more thought to Him;
And your spirit eyes
Grow more strong and wise,
Than before your sight grew dim.

For your "eyes of faith" can see
What to us can not unfold;
May God change thy night
To a glory bright,
When His face thou shalt behold.

SOME POETS

She couldn't write a poem so she baked one;
Then she measured, stirred and poured,
And the kitchen heat endured,
As she moulded it, her cheeks were rosy-red;
With her poem soft and brown
She can drive away your frown,
Because it was a lovely loaf of bread.

Home Poems and Summer Memories

She couldn't write a poem so she made one;
Then her clothes snow-white she tubbed,
And her floors she cleanly scrubbed,
(Though she never won a prize of great renown)
Call upon her when you would,
All her work was done so good;
Her poem was the best kept house in town.

She couldn't write a poem so she grew one;
For she planted with great care
Seeds that grew to blossoms fair,
And she labored hard to keep out what might harm;
By working with a will
With all her strength and skill,
Her poem was a garden on the farm.

She couldn't write a poem so she lived one;
With loving, kindly deed
She helped all those in need,
And kept away from evil and all strife;
Her poem like a song has helped the world along
Because it was a useful worthy life.

MY OLD SWEETHEART

Who so kind as my best beloved;
He ever is firm and true,
With tender heart, like women love,
Though he's strong and fearless, too.

Home Poems and Summer Memories

His cheery face and merry heart
And smile drives our frown away;
He always sees the brightest side,
Though the sky be dark and gray.

Trouble and sorrow come,—he takes
His load with a happy stride,
So none may see his burden's weight
Although walking by his side.

Do things go wrong in life's mad rush,
He will whistle them away;
Nor fuss or fret, you ask him why,
He will say it does not pay.

He willing shares a neighbor's load
Though it money take, or toil;
Though far or near, he tries to help
All the Tempter's work, to foil.

Like sunshine, he can ever drive
From our hearts the clouds of gloom;
And worry flees, since he has caused
The bright flower of hope to bloom.

And though the years run on apace
Until his hair is gray,
May he be happy as the boy
Who won my heart away.

TO THE MOTHER OF A SON

May God bless your baby
And may he be lusty,
And sweet as a baby can be;
And as he gets older
And stronger and bolder,
No laddie more bonnie than he.

And through all his childhood
Be happy and healthy,
A sweet tempered, kind-hearted youth,
With pure mind and spirit,
Unsoiled by sin, near it,
And yearning to learn the real truth.

What e'er his vocation
In life may be, later,
May it bring you honor and joy;
May you always rejoice
At the sound of his voice,
And glad that you mothered a boy.

A CHERISHED PICTURE

Close beside a little stream near by an old mill-race,
Once stood a little cottage, to me the dearest place;
It nestled like a dove-cote, close to a leafy wood,
Safe from every storm that blew, it sheltered each one
good.

You hear the sound of laughter and then a boyish
shout,
As from the stream there rushes all in a merry rout,
A troop of bright eyed laddies, each with a shining
face,
From where they had been swimming behind the old
mill-race.

On crippled feet behind them, there runs a tiny boy,
A big black dog beside him, that was his greatest joy;
The father smiles upon them, as all go rushing past,
But clasps the wee lad to him, with arms that hold him
fast.

He struggles from his father, and runs within the
room
Where sits his busy mother, who's weaving at her
loom;

Home Poems and Summer Memories

In kindly tones she asks him, "What brought you from
your play?"

He answered her, "With sister, I thought I'd come
and play."

Within the sunny kitchen, he finds her on the mat,
While nestled close beside her, a tortoise colored cat;
Two kittens white and yellow, come at a pretty pace,
Run on the children's shoulders, and kiss them in the
face.

The kittens romp and scamper, the children shout with
glee,
While through the open doorway, the dog looks
through to see
Why all this noise and clatter, they greet him with a
shout,
Then children, dog and kittens, go tumbling all about.

But soon their romp is ended, they sit down on the
mat;
The lad and dog, the lassie with kittens and the cat;
And later, when their sister slips through the open
door
She finds dog, cat and children, asleep upon the floor.

* * * * *

Oh happy little laddies, safe sheltered were you then,

Home Poems and Summer Memories

But many storms and trials have come since you were
men ;
Ah laughter loving lassie with shining eyes so bright,
Some great and bitter heartaches, you've carried since
that night.

But you will always carry
No matter where you roam,
This picture that you cherish
Of childhood's happy home.

EVOLUTION OF THE "UP-TO-
DATE" FARMER

Grandfather Jones was a farmer
And always "up-to-date,"
He had a home that was his own,
And worked from morn till late ;
In a log house on a hill-top
With a spring-house close beside
(The spring ran through the whole year too)
He lived and worked and died.

His team was a pair of oxen
Both gentle, strong and slow—
His greatest joys, ten girls and boys
Who helped to reap and mow ;

Home Poems and Summer Memories

None could use the scythe more deftly
Cradle the wheat as quick
Or weave and spin, like Jane or Min,
Or Thomas, John or Dick.

Though very strict about his work,
He kept the Sabbath too,
All in a row, to church they'd go
And stay the whole day through;
They often "apple parings" had,
And husking bees at night,
While candles made of tallow fine
Gave everywhere a light.

When Grandsire Jones's will was read
His farm to Dick he gave;
He said, "You know Pap's ways were slow,"
So he began to save;
He built a frame house, painted white,
Put wind-pump at the spring,
Bought a mower, patent sower,
And soon changed every thing.

Two teams of horses—thorough-breds—
For both the boys he got;
And at the fair, his cattle were
The finest of the lot;

Home Poems and Summer Memories

He got his wife a wash-machine,
Likewise a new barrel churn,
An organ too, 'twas something new
The girls could music learn.

'The boys quit school when just eighteen,
And then to farming went—
Up 'fore daylight, they worked till night,
But they were well content;
The girls both went to high-school though
And then taught school awhile,
But learned, you know, to bake and sew
Wash, iron and dress in style.

Twice every Sunday to the church
They drove—and were not late—
Their horse well sired, rig rubber-tired,
Were very up-to-date;
When Dick was gone, the eldest son
Jo, took the farm in hand;
And right away, to make it pay,
He fertilized the land.

A modern house with sunny rooms
He built, of cement block;
With heat and light—warm day and night—
And great barns for his stock;
An engine in the cellar cool

Home Poems and Summer Memories

Close by the furnace stood
That washed and churned, gave light to burn
And swept the house up good.

Out where the oxen once had homes
Two high-power engines stand
That thresh and mow, fill the silo
And plow and plant the land;
His son has won in "corn contests,"
At college now is he,
In agriculture specialized,
A farmer he will be.

His daughter took a course in art,
In college was a belle,
Gained many a prize for making pies,
Keeps house and tats as well;
They're honest, kindly, up-to-date
And all of them adored;
To church they go, and not for show;
And drive there in their Ford.

Summer Memories No. 7

A NIGHT VISION

It has been a hot sultry day, and as night comes on we all try to find a comfortable place to rest through the night.

Daddie takes his cot out under the trees in the yard, and lies down without anything between him and the star decked dome of the sky. In the room beside me, Daughtie has spread a mat on the floor, and with her white cat at her feet, is sleeping soundly, while through the screened door at my feet I see little son on a couch with his black kitten in his arms sleeping very contentedly. My cot is on the porch, which is all fringed about with trees, through whose branches the stars shine; as the breeze sways the branches gently back and forth, the porch seems to change into a great four-post bed, with lacy curtains of green, spangled with stars, that shuts me in from the rest of the world.

As we lie resting, the sound of voices singing, and the tones of a piano comes to us from a distance—it is very soft and beautiful as the breeze wafts it to us, we know that neighbor Fred and Gladys have callers and

Home Poems and Summer Memories

are making merry. A lone katy-did calls plaintively from the willow tree, a screech owl calls softly through the dusky twilight for his mate in the oak tree, then they chatter and make love to each other until, driven by hunger, they flit away on silent wings in search of a lunch.

There is a medley of insect noises, and they keep in such harmony that one can not be distinguished from another; as I lie listening to them, evening passes away and midnight comes on, and while the world is wrapped in dusky silence, I am permitted to see a beautiful and unusual sight.

The night is dark, except for star-light,—but all at once there is a bright light in the heavens that makes it bright as day. I rise from my bed in wonder at it, then all at once I see the cause—a glowing meteor, large as the full moon—goes rushing across the sky toward the west; it is so near it seems I can hear it hiss, as it is hurled through the air; I am filled with wonder at it, but before I have time to arouse the others, it breaks into a shower of bright falling sparks that scatter across the heavens, then burns out and once more the darkness, like a soft gray curtain, wraps us in silence.

What a delightful peace and quietness comes into our lives as we lay communing with our hearts through the watches of the night. Worry, trouble and the ordinary things of life slip away so quickly that we

Home Poems and Summer Memories

seem to live in a fairy world of silence and rest; the hours slip away so fast that before we realize it, the cocks are crowing. Their call rings out through the quiet night as they challenge one another from their different homes, some of them miles away, but at last they settle down for another nap; there is not the same stillness now, but an undercurrent of restlessness as though something unusual was about to occur.

At last—a shaft of light pierces the eastern sky; there is the restless stamping of cattle, somewhere a bird twitters, a mother sparrow hushes her noisy brood—the children toss about on their beds—then Daddie arouses and rubs his sleep dimmed eyes, and we are ready to begin a new day, for morning has come.

We feel ready to meet whatever the day may bring, because we have been refreshed by the blessing of a quiet, beautiful night, and we realize that we have been cared for through the night by Him, who is near us.

“At evening or at midnight or at the cock-crowing or in the morning.”—MARK 13:35.

AT CLOSE OF DAY

If when I lie down
On my pillow at night
And review all the deeds of the day,

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I can with all truth
Say my best I have done,
In my heart I am sure Peace will stay.

When daylight has fled
And the still clouds of night
Like a curtain, are drawn o'er the earth,
If I can be sure
That my thoughts and my deeds
God can bless, they may be of some worth.

Count that day all loss
When you lived just for self
And for others no kind deed had done;
Count that day well spent—
Though no wealth you have gained—
If God's peace and approval you've won.

NIGHT

A whip-poor-will calls from the grove,
The Evening Star shines bright;
While fire-flies flash and crickets chirp,
As evening turns to night.

Home Poems and Summer Memories

When Midnight's solemn hour draws near,
A silence long and deep
Seems brooding over all the earth,
For Nature is asleep.

'Then, through the silent air there comes
The sound of beating wings;
And suddenly across the night
The cock's crow loudly rings.

The Morning Star has risen now,
I hear a kill-dee cry;
The clouds are turning pink and gold
Across the eastern sky.

Now Night slips silently away,
The while a robin trills;
Because the sun has pushed his head
Above the eastern hills.

MEDITATION

Did you ever lie communing with your heart
Throughout the silent watches of the night?
How different life always will appear
From what it seemed to be, when it was light.

Home Poems and Summer Memories

Your follies rise and smite you in the face
And taunt you in their evil, leary way;
It grieves you much to find that you have done
Things that had not seemed wrong, while it was day.

As all the hours march by you in review,
The good things you had done appear so small
You wonder how it comes that you had thought
To-day that they were ever good at all.

And all the cares and worries of the day
Appear so insignificant to-night;
And while you gaze up at the twinkling stars
You long somehow to do just what is right.

Then deep within your heart, you make resolve
That from all wrong and folly you will cease;
And while you meditate, God seems so near,
And trusting Him, at last you sleep in peace.

KEEP THINKING

Is the sky with clouds o'ercast?
Keep thinking
That the storm will soon be past;
Keep thinking

Home Poems and Summer Memories

That the sun is sure to shine
And to-morrow may be fine;
Never sit around and whine—
Keep thinking.

Are there heavy tasks to do?
Keep thinking
Others toil as well as you;
Keep thinking
Just suppose you couldn't work
Or was nothing but a shirk?
Mischief e'er with idlers lurk—
Keep thinking.

Is there much of pain to bear?
Keep thinking
That a smile you'll try to wear;
Keep thinking
Troubles can not last for aye
You will find them chased away
If you don't forget to pray—
Keep thinking.

Are there things that grieve and fret?
Keep thinking
There are many pleasures yet;
Keep thinking

Home Poems and Summer Memories

Though you may be sad to-night
Your to-morrow will be bright
If you live a life that's right—
Keep thinking.

A SUMMER EVE

Hear the rustle, rustle of the corn
That a passing breeze to us has borne?
He nods his tasseled head
As though he grandly said —
I am a king, and should a crown have worn.

Homeward now the cattle wend their way,
Weary with the heat of summer day;
The lambkins lie at ease
Beneath the orchard trees,
Crickets softly chirp a merry lay.

Hear the music through the summer air,
See the grace and beauty everywhere?
The stars from up above
Are looking down in love
And saying you are in the Father's care.

'NEATH SUMMER SKIES

Did you ever lie
'Neath the summer sky
While gentle breezes blow?
With naught but the star-decked dome o'erhead
And a couch of grass made as fine a bed
As you e'er would wish to know.

From the trees near by
Comes a night bird's cry,
A bat flits swiftly past;
Above, in a dark blue sea there floats
Some small white clouds that are like toy boats,
And they all sail by so fast.

Through the whispering leaves
A moon-beam weaves—
Some crickets chirp a tune;
A fragrant air blows from flower and field,
Weariness soon leaves—to sleep you yield,
While above you smiles the moon.

THE KATY-DID

A friend of mine lives in the old willow tree,
He calls every evening quite late;
And though he will talk to me hour after hour,
He will talk about no one but Kate.

He's quite a fine dresser, and wears a green suit,
But all through the day he stays hid;
And whene'er I ask him what makes him so shy,
He will say "Katy-did, Katy-did."

And then if I tell him she's cruel, he says
"She didn't, she didn't, she did";
And though he will talk to me all the night long,
In the daytime he's sure to stay hid.

Summer Memories No. 8

BUTTERFLY DAY

This has been a "Butterfly Day." It started in the morning while I was sitting in the yard with the children, when a butterfly in a black suit with a golden-brown band through the center of his wings, which had white spots on the top, and a shade of blue-gray underneath them, settled on my gown.

We were very quiet and he rested there a long while, so we were able to observe him very closely, and he had scarcely flitted away until we had another visitor, who had lemon-yellow wings with black stripes over them: he was very exclusive though, and sailed away over the tree tops.

As we went strolling among the trees in the big grassy yard, talking about our new "pets," a pair with black velvet dresses trimmed with a border of gold around the edge, circle above our heads; although we try to lure them to us, they are not a bit friendly, but another black beauty whose wings are trimmed with blue lines, comes near us and rests on a blossom as though he enjoyed showing us his beautiful dress.

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Some little brown "flies," whose wings are trimmed with round, black dots and a splash of black, hover near the well, and when we pump some water they settle about us, eager to drink, and are very tame, although a large brown one with black stripes on his suit sails majestically away.

A flock of white and yellow butterflies hover over the garden, and little son admires them very much, until he finds out they are planning to destroy our cabbages, then he thinks they are like sheep in wolves' clothing, and has no further use for them.

After awhile the children become tired wandering about, and go to the south porch to play, but they have scarcely started until Daughtie calls me to come quickly, as she has found something unusual; it is a large light-green moth, that has just emerged from the cocoon and is large as the palm of my hand with its wings outstretched; its body is snow white, there were little circles of rainbow colors on the wings, which had a lavender-gray border and were shaped like a swallow tail, while graceful little snow white feathers swept out from each side of the head; he clung to my finger when I picked him up so I placed him in a large glass jar so we could see him better; he was very quiet all through the day, but when evening came, he was very anxious to leave, and though he never fluttered a bit, he kept creeping about until we decided to release him,

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then he rises high in the air, sails away over the tree tops, and is lost in the dusky twilight.

We are sorry to lose him, but he was so happy to be free once more, so we are content, and as we turn back to our own cozy fireside, we think what a lot of beauty one can find all about them if we but keep our eyes open to it.

What a lot of trouble the Creator has gone to, to make things for our pleasure as well as profit.

As I think of this, I feel how ungrateful we are, when we fail to observe and appreciate these things of beauty, as well as the more substantial things of life He has given us, truly the "life is more than meat, and the body more than raiment."

So while we are thanking Him for the necessities of life, let us also thank Him for these, for—

"How great is His goodness, and how great is His beauty."—ZECH. 9:17.

THE BUTTERFLY

Wonderful creature
On wings light and airy,
Flitting about, like
A beautiful fairy.

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Wearing a gay suit
All red, blue or golden,
You are the loveliest
Thing I've beholden.

Resting at ease on
The green slender grasses,
Swaying so gently
Whene'er a breeze passes.

Sipping the dew from
The heart of the roses,
Changing your color
Whene'er your wings closes.

Whene'er I watch you
All glowing with splendor,
Somehow my heart seems
To grow warm and tender.

Often I wonder
What good you are doing,
While you seem busy
Your pleasure pursuing.

Delicate, fragile,
You last but a season,
What are you good for,
There must be a reason?

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Ah now, methinks I
Have found the solution—
“Giving out beauty,”
Is your contribution.

Since all the gift that
You have is your beauty,
Wee dainty creature
You’re doing your duty.

Better the world will be
If I have striven
Like you, to use all
The talents He’s given.

FLITTING BLOSSOMS

One day some bright blossoms
Were wishing that they
Could fly off and visit
A child, far away.

A small fairy heard them
And brought each one wings;
Then off they flew gayly
The swift, dainty things.

And when they had found him,
The little child cries—
“Oh here is a bevy
Of bright butterflies.”

THE FLOWERS

The blossoms are scattered
All over the world,
By mountain and valley and sea;
You find their sweet faces
By each flowing stream,
In whatever land you may be.

God sent them to cheer us,
And teach us that He
Loves beauty, in things great or small;
He showeth his care
For his creatures each day,
For He is the Lord of them all.

BEAUTY EVERYWHERE

There is beauty in the blossoms,
And beauty in the trees,
There is beauty in the bird songs,
And humming of the bees;
There's beauty in the growing plants,
Each flitting creature's fair,
Just look about you, child of mine,
There's beauty everywhere.

There is beauty in each living form
That by God's power is fed;
There is beauty in the cloudlets
That sail by overhead;
Look at the starry dome above,
Or in the earth or air—
If you are wise, my child, you'll find
There's beauty everywhere.

Summer Memories No. 9

AMONG THE PETS

It is a typical summer day. The horses trot across the pasture field fighting flies, and then go galloping in to the deep, cool shade of the grove. The cows, old Bess and Star, are lying in the shade of the trees, contentedly chewing their cud, but Daisy, the little white calf, has curled up in the sunshine, as though she thought she might grow faster if she stayed there; and a tiny white pig is stretched full length in his water trough, grunting as though he was very well satisfied.

The lambs skip and play about with their mothers and enjoy themselves greatly, in spite of the hot sun and their heavy wool jackets.

A mother hen with wings outstretched has led her brood into the garden, and is very busy digging up the plants, until she is frightened away, then she also hunts for the shade. The house dog has left her favorite chair, and stretched out on the cool, green grass under the trees, panting with heat.

Little Snow-white, the kitten, has been playfully

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tossing a mouse that her mother had brought her, but all at once she goes racing off through the grass on a hunting expedition of her own; a red squirrel slyly watches her from his nest in the oak tree, while a wild bunnîe, who is crossing the road, raises up on his haunches to see what all the noise is about, and then goes hopping off about his own affairs.

The farmers are busy in the field with plow and hoe, and we can almost see the corn growing; how wonderful the crops respond to the sun—the wheat fields are whitening, and a faint sweet smell of new mown hay is carried to us by a passing breeze, and we hear the clatter of the machine that is cutting it down in long straight rows.

After the evening meal, the farmer and his family go to the garden and work until night comes; the machinist gets in his auto, and drives across the country looking after his machines and men, and preparing for the next day's labor; while the busy housewife plans the next day's work and meals, as she rests in the cool of the evening.

How much bustle and motion there is through these days, even the very air seems full of life, as Nature beckons every one to bestir themselves and improve each shining hour, for now is the time of growth, and to cease laboring with flock or in field now, would mean a great loss later on, that could not be made up, even though one tried—so although the days are hot

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and the tasks are hard, we must persevere, if we expect to see results at the end of the year.

So too youth is the time of growth; if we neglect at this time to cultivate and teach the body, mind and spirit, the things that are for their betterment, it will leave a scar that can not be removed, try hard as we can to do so, for—"as the twig is bent, the tree inclines," so, if we wish to see the right kind of results at the end of time we must "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he gets old he will not depart from it."—PROV. 22:6.

THE DEAREST PET

What is so dear as a little girl
With bright, blue eyes, and her hair a-curl.

With feet that patter the live-long day,
And hands that busy themselves with play.

With lips like rubies so warm and bright
That sing and prattle from morn till night.

With soft, pink cheeks, a tip-tilted nose,
And soul as pure as a dew-washed rose.

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She's like a sunbeam with glowing light,
And fills our hearts with a pure delight.

How very lonely the world would be
If there were no little girls like she.

THE SQUIRREL

Out in the oak is a queer little nest
All made out of bark and leaves;
And the wee owner peeps shyly at me
From just underneath the eaves.

His eyes are bright as little black beads,
He has the cunningest paws,
And daintily nibbles an acorn sweet,
With teeth that are sharp as saws.

He curls his bushy tail over his head
Whene'er he sits down to sup,
And saucily chatters if I go near,
And throws down his acorn cup.

When acorns and nuts are ripe in the fall
He's busy then as can be—
While storing them up for his winter food
Away in the old oak tree.

Home Poems and Summer Memories

He scampers each summer, across the lawn
And from tree to tree will leap,
But when winter comes, he runs to his nest
And curls up and goes to sleep.

WHAT A FARM LADDIE DOES

Up at six in the morning,
While the east with crimson glows;
Hearing the wild birds singing,
Shaking dew from the rose.

Racing across the meadow
With uncovered head and feet,
Watching the busy farmers
Harvesting golden wheat.

Chasing a frightened bunny
While a dog trails at his heels;
Wading along the brook side
Looking for slippery eels.

Feeding a tiny lambkin,
And cuddling baby chicks;
Trying to teach his kitten
Some cunning little tricks.

Home Poems and Summer Memories

Climbing trees in the orchard,
And plucking some pretty flowers,
Pulling weeds in the garden,
Working—he thought—for hours.

Rushing in to his mother
For a piece of buttered bread;
Going down to the stable—
The colts must all be fed.

Climbing up in the hay-mow,
To find an old biddy's nest,
Lying down in the hammock
To get a bit of rest.

Then as the sun is setting
He's skipping a-down the lane,
Bringing the cattle homeward
Right through a shower of rain.

But when the stars come peeping,
A tired little sleepy boy
Cuddles beside his mother
Bringing her heart much joy.

And while her arms enfold him
An old lullaby she'll sing;
Dear little lad, she wonders,
What will the future bring.

Home Poems and Summer Memories

Dear little farmer laddie,
You have wealth gold can not buy;
And many great and noble
Oft for such freedom sigh.

PLAYMATES

When time has slipped away, dear,
And back you ofttime look
Upon the years so long since fled,
Like pages from a book,
You oft will turn one page, dear,
With heart string all aglow,
And there you'll find the playmates
You once knew long ago.

Then life was free from care, dear,
The burdens others bore;
Oft you will sigh in vain regret,
But they'll come back no more;
Though you have many friends, dear,
You find this true, I know—
No friends are like the old ones
You played with long ago.

Summer Memories No. 10

PLAY TIME

This morning when the sun came up, the sky was filled with a rosy-pink haze that was beautiful.

A mother hen in the back yard clucking noisily to her sleeping babies and a wood-pecker playing a rat-a-tat-tat, in the grove on a dead tree, as though he was calling his family to breakfast, aroused the children from their slumbers, and they said—"Oh what a fine time we shall have playing to-day"; so as soon as the morning chores are done, they go down to the grove to build a play-house. They put up a tent and are very busy fixing it up, and running back and forth for their toys and furniture; and when they come in at noon for their dinner, they explain very excitedly, how they, and their playmate Rubie, expect to spend the night in the tent; they are very brave and positive about it while daylight lasts, but change their minds before it grows dark.

After dinner cousin Norma comes; they greet her hilariously, although little son climbs in the wagon with Uncle John, and goes to town.

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After visiting some time, the girls conclude to creep under the house and bring out some baby puppies that are hidden there; so they pull up some boards off the back porch, dress up in old clothes, and then—after spending a lot of time running back and forth, for fear someone passing might see their costumes—they creep under the house and, after a lot of hard work, bring out three fuzzy puppies; then they forget everything else while playing with them.

They are very busy with them until Daddie and son have both come home for supper; then after that is over with, we all clamber aboard the old Ford, and sail merrily down the old stone pike, to Aunt Mary's home; we all feel very glad about seeing them, as sickness has kept us apart for so long, so the children laugh and sing, and are very happy all the way over.

After we get there, we older ones visit and amuse ourselves with baby Ruth, while the other children bring up the cows, play hide-and-seek and toss little Helen back and forth in her swing in an old pear tree, while Eldo must bring and show us a wild bunny they have for a pet.

At last the hour grows late, and we clamber into the Ford and start homeward.

As we ride through the dusky night, the light from our machine makes a glowing path through the darkness, the cool, sweet air blows about us, and there are few words spoken; but our hearts grow care free while

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worry and troubles all slip away, and we think about the goodness and beauty of the day.

Daughtie curls up in the back of the machine and goes to sleep; little son in my arms has long been in the land of dreams, and forgotten all about play-time, but as I put them in bed a little later on, we look at them and wonder in our hearts like the parents of John did—"What manner of child shall this be?"—and we think what a sad old place this world would be without the boys and girls, and their happy play-times.

No wonder the prophet in telling of the beauties of the New Jerusalem said: "The streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls, playing in the streets thereof."
—ZECH. 8:5.

OUR BABY

Pretty and neat, chubby and sweet,
What can you find that's more fair?
Wee dimpled fist where angels kissed,
Tiniest fringe of soft hair.

Bright shining eyes looking so wise
At all the great world about,
Smiling at all, great ones or small,
Knowing each loves her, no doubt.

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Now hear her coo, calling for you,
Please come at once,—her command;
Cheeks soft and pink, surely we think,
No babe so fair in the land.

See her wee toes in her mouth goes,
Now hear her gurgle and laugh;
Tiny pink ear—she is so dear
Really we can't tell you half.

Then come some day over to play
With her, and you can have fun;
And I am sure you will feel poor,
Just because you, haven't one.

AN OLD FRIEND

I have a friend out in the orchard
I visit with, all summer long;
And though he can not talk my language,
He treats me each day to a song.

He has a pet wren and some thrushes,
And a wise little robin red-breast;
And in his old trunk—nicely fitted,
A blue-bird has builded her nest.

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When spring comes, he always has blossoms
That are very fragrant and sweet;
And as I play merrily with him,
He scatters the flowers at my feet.

By one of his strong arms supported,
I swing gayly each afternoon;
And when I am weary, he sings me
To sleep, with a rustling tune.

When September comes, I must leave him
For school, but he still thinks of me,
And gives me some fruit for my dinner;
My friend is—an old apple tree.

WOULD YOU?

I wouldn't be selfish with those I love best,
Would you?
I always have found, to divide what I had
With mother or sister, or brother or dad,
Gave me more enjoyment, and made them all glad,
Did you?

Now if there was candy or cookies or fruit,
Would you?

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Just sit down and stuff every bit that you could,
Or would you divide it all up as you should,
And take just your share, and thus try to be good
Would you?

Suppose you were playing, while someone else worked,
Would you?

Say: "Mayn't I help you to get your work done,
And then we can both have a great deal of fun."
I'm sure if you did, a good friend you have won
Did you?

If children are selfish, they can not be glad,
Would you?

And so I am going to try every day
To share all my goodies, my time and my play;
I think then the Golden Rule I will obey,
Do you?

KITTY BLUE-BELL

Kitty Blue-bell every morn
To my bed-room runs a race,
Gives a funny little mew,
Then she cuddles near my face.

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While she purrs a little tune,
With her paws as soft as silk
She awakens me to say
She would like a dish of milk.

Then we play out on the lawn,
Chasing butterfly and bee,
If I swing, she gives a dare
And goes scrambling up a tree.

Though she loves to romp and play,
Every afternoon she'll sleep,
And I find her on my bed
Curled up in a fluffy heap.

WILLING HEARTED

A small express wagon all battered and worn
With a box for a bed—on three wheels upborn—
Comes up to my door with a boy for a steed,
Who says, "Is there anything now you might need?"
I smile as I think of a lot of odd jobs,
Then say, "Sonny, bring me a nice load of cobs."

So whirling about with a great deal of noise
(Which is very common with small lively boys),

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He goes gayly rattling and prancing away,
Although he is working he thinks it but play,
For joy in the task all the sting from it robs
For he's helping mother, by bringing her cobs.

I think as I watch him go dancing along,
Why shouldn't we season our work with a song,
And like the wee lad, we should look up and ask
"Dear Father, have you for me now any task?"
When one He has given, with life full of joy
Go forth to our work, with the heart of a boy.

SLEEPY-TIME

Come baby bye, let us sail away,
Away in a dream-land boat;
Down the old river of Sleepy-time,
So silently we will float;
The boat rocks gently, and sails away
To the land of fair Sleepy-town,
All the children will welcome you, dear,
If dressed in your little white gown.

Sand man is coming, so close your eyes,
Dear eyes that are shining bright;
Safely on board the old dream-land boat,
Sail merrily through the night;

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Your Pilot, safe through the night will guide,
All children He takes in his care;
Mother will greet you when comes your boat
In the morn, with her babe so fair.

EVENING LULLABY

(Dedicated to Thoburn V. Barker)

Sleep, baby, sleep,
The stars will soon be peeping,
Hush, little bird,
My baby should be sleeping,
Up o'er the trees
The big moon now is creeping—
Sleep, little baby, sleep.

Refrain:

Sleep, little baby,
Lull-a-by, lull-a-by,
Nothing can harm you while mother is nigh,
Over your slumber, a watch she will keep
Sleep, little baby,
Go to sleep—
Sleep, little baby,
Go to sleep.

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Sleep, baby, sleep,
The fairies now are bringing
 Gay little dreams
While through the darkness, winging,
 Bright angels come
To listen while I'm singing—
Sleep, little baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
No earthly care to cumber,
 Rest sweetly, rest,
For angels without number
 Guard the wee bed
Where you so sweetly slumber —
Sleep, little baby, sleep.

THE END

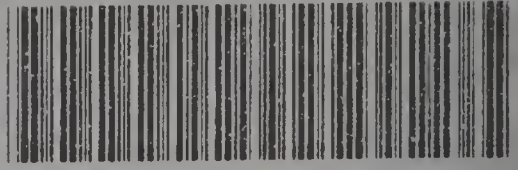
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